Overwatch X Cuckolding

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A collection of short stories about the Overwatch girls embracing and promoting the cuckolding lifestyle.

The third version of these short stories.
This one has all mentions of race removed.

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0 - Overwatch X Cuckolding

It was the most ambitious crossover charity event the world had ever seen.

The Overwatch initiative had always been about justice and equality, fighting for those that could not fight for themselves, defending those that needed defending.
When the members of the initiative were approached by the organisers of several groups in regards to a charity event between them and Overwatch, the reactions were resounding.
The male members of the Overwatch initiative were largely against such a crossover, arguing that they were afraid of what might happen should the openly support an Organisation that was known for producing degrading, hardcore pornography, but the female members eager to show their support. It was easy for them to convince their friends of the importance of feminist values and the “Girls Doing Porn” movement.

When it was revealed that this charity event was spearheaded by the people behind pornhub.com, this support turned into downright fanaticism. Already the Overwatch girls were fans of strong alphas in pornography, but when they were given the chance to be a part of the cuckold porn genre, they jumped at the chance.
To them, cock is what mattered the most after all.

When presented with their contracts, none of them hesitated even for a second. They were fairly tame all thing considered. Too tame for the Overwatch girls. They insisted on certain changes. There would be no rules, no safewords an no condoms.

Anything would go as long as they were satisfying their strong, powerful lovers. To mark their devotion and the submission of girls to superior bulls, each of the girls volunteered to be permanently marked by a tattoo that would forever mark them as sluts for strangers cock.

But to the girls it wasn’t just about the worship of the superior alpha males. It was also about putting beta cuckies back in their place.
Too many shrimpdicked losers had talked shit, harassing the Overwatch girls with their pathetic simping. Each of the girls would make sure to reeducate these limpdick betas.
Every part of the Overwatch X Pornhub charity event was, at least partially, written and directed by the girls themselves.

Any time they would mention the power of cock and the permanent emasculation of beta losers, they wouldn’t just be acting, they would be living their words. Initially the people of pornhub had suggested the practice of safe sex, using condoms for their actors, but like we said before, the girls had insisted raw, unfiltered fucking with multiple creampies in every scene.

As Hana Song (D.Va) put it “[…] making a virile bull cock wear a condom is sexist as fuck!”

The girls really gave it their all in this ambitious crossover as “we won’t stop until every womb has been bred!” -Angela Ziegler (Mercy) put it.

1 - D.Va

“Hello gang! D.Va is online!” the preppy young gamer from South Korea chirped to the millions of people tuned into her stream.
She had announced a super special surprise stream a week earlier, all in celebration of her new and soon to be only sponsor.
Millions of beta simps were watching to see what the queen of gaming and streaming had in store for them.

When they turned in, they were met with a peculiar change in the young streamers attire. Her iconic pink and blue jumpsuit had been altered slightly. Most notable would be the new fit. Where the old outfit was designed to be comfortable yet utilitarian, this one had been designed with sex appeal in mind.

It was tight. Very tight.
The material clung to her like a second layer of skin, leaving almost nothing to the imagination. Her budding breasts were enveloped by the material, hard nipples bulging out to make it seem as though one could just see through the fabric.

It clung to the rest of her too, her belly and navel almost sucking in the shiny suit. Her thick thigs were bulging out, barely contained by the glossy fabric.
What struck out the most were the advertisements however. Instead of the various mainstream brands marketing themselves on her body, only one various pornography brands and companies were marking her suit

The PORNHUB logo ran down both of her voluptuous thighs, marking her as an actress for the renowned adult movie website.
“Today will be a super special stream for all my loyal cucks and paypiggies! That’s right, you heard me! Starting today, we have cancelled all of our sponsors in favor of the one that is closest to my heart.” The young woman said, her voice now shifting into a more serious tone.

“For centuries women like me have been oppressed. Deprived of the thing that matters most in life! My female viewers know exactly what I’m talking about.
For years we had to lie to you. We had to tell you that your puny loser dicklets are enough to satisfy us, but that changes today. Women don’t want you fucking beta virgins, women want big fat cocks!”

Her words were emphasised by the bold words

BIG FAT COCK

Flashing in the middle of the screen.

“That’s right beta simps, D.Va will be a cockslave from now on!

Of course it’s D.Va’s job to pave the way for the normalisation of the hotwife lifestyle!

Our fantastic new sponsor Pornhub.com has been so generous in helping to promote true equality. They offered me a fantastic sum of money to have brutal, ball slapping bareback sex with a handsome stud of my choice, but as you all ought to know, bulls don’t pay for sex! And denying an alpha male access to a young, fertile, breedable pussy is just sexist as fuck!
It’s my duty as a streamer and role model to educate you Asian virgins.

From now on, all you losers watching will stay #pussyfreeforD.Va, hand humping virgins!

The only way any of you will be allowed to come into contact with a girl is caged, plugged and ready to prep her bull.
Oh and don’t forget to lap up all of his creamy, virile seed after he’s done breeding her!” she said, her tongue sticking out of her mouth.

“So, today we’ll make sure that my stud pumps enough of his cum into my womb to get me pregnant with at least three beautiful babies!” she proclaimed, almost ceremoniously as she shifted her body, ensuring that the camera would have a perfect at what lay between her thighs.
Where the old suit had hidden a puffy camel toe, this one had a zipper built in. Slowly she began to move it, pulling it back gently so as not to spoil the surprise too soon. Almost coyly she held her hand Infront of the open zipper, hiding her pale sex from her desperate viewers.
“You ready gang? Game on!” she yelled as she removed her hand.

Instead of her beautiful pink pussy, all her viewers were presented with a censored, completely pixelated cockblock instead. The only thing they were allowed to see was D.Va’s brand new Hotwife tattoo right above her clit, which permanently marked her as a whore, addicted to cocks.
Thousands of messages of disappointment and tortured anguish passed by in a flash as D.Va howled with sadistic laughter, tears of amusement rolling down her cheeks as she addressed the chat.

“Did you really think I’d let you loser betabois see this white owned pussy? You should all jerk your shrimp dicks to censored porn only!
Ooooooor…. If you’re a real supporter of D.Va, you’d become a tier 4 sub! If you’re a good paypiggie and donate 240$ to D.Va every month, you’ll get to watch the lightly censored premium version of all my brand new cuckoldress content!
Breeding, gangbangs and rimjobs! And if you’re a tier 4+ supporter, you’ll see live footage of the D.Va Squad running a train on me this Friday!
And of course I could never do this alone. Speaking off…” she said as a musclebound, nude man entered the scene from behind her, his fat cock swinging between his legs. He grabbed D.Va’s throat with his strong hands and pulled her into a savage kiss, his tongue dancing with hers as she pulled him closer.

She panted and gasped as he pulled his head back, her flushed cheeks and dripping pixel-pussy showing the effect he had on her.

“That’s what a real man looks like, betas! But you know the only way for girls to greet strong men is on their knees.” She purred as she grabbed his cock in her pale hands, pulling back his foreskin with her nimble fingers to reveal his delicious glans.

She gave it a soft kiss before, she forced it down her hot, greedy throat.

She gagged herself on his pungent, white cockmeat, her oesophagus constricting and massaging it with every swallow. Over and over she rammed that cock down her tight throat, until she managed to take it all in, swallowing it to the base as her nose hit his hard abs and her tongue began to lick the sweat of his heavy, sweaty testicles.

Donations and superchats were rolling in, way too many to count. Not that D.Va had any intention on wasting her time with her loser virgin fanbase. When she pulled back, strands of saliva still connected her plush lips to his split glistening cock.

“Watch closely losers! I’d rather kiss a this bull’s ass than any of you!” she exclaimed as she buried her face between his cheeks, her lips sucking on asshole, her tongue lapping up his anus like a dog. His ass, balls and cock were dripping with her spit when she pulled back.
She was gasping for air, her face a deep shade of red as she addressed her viewers.

“That was just the start boys. That’s what real sex looks like! Not like any of you would know. Any girl would tongue fuck an alpha male without a second thought and that’s the facts. Now let’s actually get this party started!”

The powerful man simply picked D.Va up like a ragdoll. He pulled his arms up behind her legs, interlocking his hands behind her in a full Nelson position. Her eyes betrayed her anticipation as her flushed pussy began dripping on his erect cock.

“Nerf thi-!” she began, before he interrupted her with his fat cock.
He stirred up her tight pussy with his meaty cock, stretching it out to fit his mighty member. D.Va screamed in delight as this powerful warrior claimed her fertile womb, his cock destroying the proud lineage that had made her the girl she is.

Mercilessly he plunged his big, throbbing penis into her unprotected, quivering pussy, stretching her apart as the head of his cock knocked on her womb, reaching places that only a fat, alpha cock like his could reach.

Her eyes rolled back as he fucker her to a mindbreaking orgasm. She had lost all control over her body, only able to moan and scream.
“Agh… agh… FUUUUUUCK!!! I love your cock! Breed me! Breed this little whore with your sperm! Impregnate me you big, strong warrior!”
Tears were rolling down her face when his cock began pulsating, thick hot ropes of milky cum shooting into her unprotected, fertile young pussy, drenching her womb with his semen until her eggs were swimming in his warrior sperm.

When he had finished pumping his load into her, he shifted D.Va so that the chat could watch as he slowly pulled his monster cock out of her ravaged, gaping pussy. A torrent of his cum began to flow out, staining the floor of D.Va’s room in creamy white.

Again he pulled back to give the chat a view of D.Va’s body. She had thrown up a peace sign, still

panting from the rough, baby making sex she just had.

“Ahh… you get it yet cuckies? There’s no way any of you pathetic, handhumping, beta permavirgins could fuck me like that. You’re only good as human wallets and punching bags for superior men!” she smirked as thousands of Donations came pouring, with the vast amount of viewers promising to stay pussy free for D.Va.

“Good cuckies. Now the evening has only started! We won’t stop with the creampies until I’ve been bred for sure!”

2 - Mercy

Interviewer: “Tell us Miss Ziegler, what made you decide to agree to this unique charity crossover? You’ve successfully established a practice in couples counselling and this equally successful fertility clinic too. What made you interested in coming back to Overwatch?”

The setting midsummer sun came through the windows of Mercy’s office, beathing the room in a soft orange glow. Mercy adjusted the black rims of her glasses, reflecting the light towards the woman across from her. She had insisted on an interview to promote her services in sexual therapy, couples therapy and her newly founded fertility clinic.
She smiled as she listened to the interviewers question, comfortably seated behind her office desk. She had dropped her full body combat suit for a more comfortable outfit. Her snow white labcoat contrasted beautifully with the black turtleneck sweater that accentuated her ample breasts in an elegant manner.

Her tight pants, out of the interviewers sight, clung to her thighs, almost bursting at the seams.

Mercy: “Haha, well I’m not back with Overwatch. My fighting days are in the past after all. I believe that it’s time for a younger generation of fertile heroes to take our place.”

Interviewer: “Well now, you entered the initiative at quite the young age and now, at 37, you have several business ventures! Tell me, how do you do it?”

Mercy: “As with all things, it’s about passion. When I started working as a therapist I knew I wanted to change people’s lives for the better. I’ll always remember one of my first patients, a young man addicted to cuckold pornography. I helped him accept this fetish and it improved his life quite a bit.”

Interviewer: “Cuckold pornography?”

Mercy: “Yes. A cuckold is a person that is sexually aroused by other men having sexual intercourse with his wife, girlfriend, crush or even his mother or sister. Initially, when I was confronted with such a… unique condition, I tried to cure him. But eventually I came to realise the beauty in cuckolding, which led me to the wonderful field of couples therapy.”

Interviewer: “Tell us about your experience with that.”

Mercy: “Most issues in a relationship stem from a lack of satisfaction in the bedroom. Thanks to the internet women finally know what they’ve been missing out on. Why make do with tiny beta penises when pornography has shown them the raw sexual power of alpha cock?”

Interviewer: “You’ll have to elaborate for our viewers. Tiny beta penises and alpha cock?”

Mercy: “Yes, small beta dick and big alpha cock respectively. You see, statistically speaking, the genitals of people who so called alpha males are much larger and therefore more satisfying to women,

than those of smaller sissified men. This also explains our approach to couples therapy. The unsatisfied woman will be put into contact with one of our many bulls, a bull being a reference to the breeding bulls seen in the livestock industry.
This bull will provide physical release and pleasure to the women, thereby salvaging a broken relationship."

Interviewer: "What about the male? I'm sure most men would resist another male in the relationship, especially if he's bigger and stronger."

Mercy: "Of course they usually resist at first. Only in a few cases have they accepted the proposal the first time. Anyways, the goal for the males is to break them into the idea of cuckolding. We need them to enjoy the idea of giving their loved ones over to our bulls willingly."

Interviewer: "And how do you accomplish that?"

Mercy: "We fetishize the idea of their own inferiority. When they first meet the bull in a nonsexual setting, we do our best to emphasize their superiority. The bull is always, bigger, faster and stronger, something that both the male and female will notice immediately. The beta male will be feeling his impotent rage, whereas the woman will generally feel very aroused.
Females are biologically primed to experience arousal and the need to be impregnated when they're in the presence of a strong alpha male.
This feeling is perfectly normal."

Interviewer: "What happens then?"

Mercy: "We usually introduce an element of female domination into the relationship. The male will be banned from masturbation, sex and any other form of orgasm, usually through the use of a so called chastity cage. It's designed to imprison the cuckolds penis, making erections impossible. Due to the their integrated urethral plug, these devices are inescapable and deny any form of stimulation to the beta male.
When they are sufficiently frustrated, they will be presented with copious amounts of, cuckold themed pornography. They still resist their urges at this point, although roughly 60% of beta men will have already surrendered to alpha cock by this point.
Finally the beta males will be turned into sissies, meaning they're individuals that are addicted to cock. They are unable to achieve an erection while looking at pornography, unless there is at least one juicy penis involved.
We achieve this by administering orgasms, usually by direct prostate stimulation, as they witness their wife, girlfriend, mom, etc. getting bred.
After that it's just a matter of psychological reinforcement. They are now completely castrated mentally and sometimes physically if the bull desires."

Interviewer: "You mentioned a sort of biological imperative embedded in every woman?"

Mercy: "Yes, studies have shown that women react different to stronger men, especially those with larger penises, than they do to weaker, smaller men."
Interviewer: "Can you give us some examples?"

Mercy: “Of course! For one, women see bulls as larger and stronger than virgins of equivalent size. The way their bodies react to larger penises is also quite interesting. They begin to quickly salivate when in the presence of big bull cock, even if they have not even see it yet. Our cervix dilates whenever the penetrated by larger cocks and our womb descends, allowing easier access and a much higher chance of impregnation.
Due to special receptors unique to our vaginas, sexual intercourse feels much more pleasurable with white men.
I have personally done… in-depth research on this topic and I can confirm that these claims are indeed factual. Furthermore, and this hasn’t been researched yet, I raise the hypothesis that even a female anus possesses these receptors."

Interviewer: “Fascinating! But how does this connect to your fertility clinic?”

Mercy: “Well, I’ve been in touch with couple that are in a healthy relationship, but are unable to conceive a child, usually due to the impotence in the inferior males sperm. To remedy this, I have created this clinic.
Alpha men deposit their healthy sperm here free of charge, allowing the couples a wide array of options for their children. Upon request we also provide live breeding sessions with one more bulls. These breeding sessions are usually requested with at least 5-10 bulls in attendance, as each successful creampie adds additional competition. Whichever sperm impregnates the womans fertile egg first, is bound to be the objectively strongest out of all of them. We even allow the boyfriend to add his own sperm to the mix, in case he’d like to challenge the supervirile sperm for the chance to breed his girlfriend. Of course his sperm just gets bullied to death by the bigger, stronger sperm. We have not had a single pregnancy with watery beta seed since we opened this clinic."

Interviewer: “What about beta males that want to otherwise donate or deposit sperm?”

Mercy: “Thesedonations will only be accepted if the male can provide proof that all earlier pregnancies have provided healthy, fertile daughters. This ensures a healthy ratio of male to female in the general population. We’re currently going for a 1:5 ratio. Anything else would simply be inexplicable.
Beta males interested in preserving their seed for later use will be a charge a hefty inferiority fee. Afterwards we just throw their semen out and replace it with potent white cum anyways.”

Interviewer: “I guess it’s not exactly a fertility clinic for beta males then.”

Mercy: “It’s actually more of an infertility clinic for them haha. We do offercouples free counceling for any planned chemical or physical castration.
I usually perform these myself while the wife, girlfriend or mother watches. Many of them can’t stay calm at the sight of their boyfriends being castrated, which is why we provide a complementary bedroom and bull during the procedure.
This violent mating is then broadcasted live for the white male to witness as I snip him.”

Interviewer: “Seems like you don’t really need the sponsoring of pornhub to be successful.”

Mercy: “No, I don’t. But I’ve been a huge fan of pornhub and cuckold pornography in general, ever since I was just a teenager, so getting the opportunity to perform for them is something I couldn’t pass on.

I’m afraid I’m a bit camera shy though, haha. I hope I won’t bore the viewers today. I tend to keep the more interesting parts of my sex life… private.”

Interviewer: “And yet you agreed to be here. How come?”

Mercy: “Well for one I get to spend some time with a strong alpha of my choice, but really I just wanted to show my clinic to any cuckold couples watching us right now. We always need more sperm donors too. Speaking of…” Mercy said calmly as the camera panned to the left, revealing the nude, musclebound man who had been waiting off screen during the interview.
His flaccid cock was dangling between his legs, halfway down to his knees.

“Here we see a prime example of the superiority of his cock. Notice the size, especially the girth of this wonderful specimen. You can see that a penis of this size is able to stretch out even the biggest sizequeens. The contact between his beautiful penis and the vaginal walls of a girls is maximized, therefore activating the largest amount of receptors in my—in a girls vagina, leading to a much stronger feeling of pleasure when compared to smaller penises.” She explained to the flushed young girl interviewing her.

“You’ve probably been feeling an increase in saliva production, coupled with a tingling, aching feeling in your womb and vagina. Like I explained earlier, this is a completely normal reaction to the presence of alpha male cock.” Mercy elaborated, her face only inches away from the big throbbing member dangling next to her face.
She had tried to play the calm and collected, impartial researcher, yet her cheeks were undeniably flushed, hard nipples pocking out from her dark sweater as her hands were fidgeting, trying to occupy themselves, barely able to refrain from rubbing her aching pussy at the sight of a powerful cock.

“To further demonstrate the inherent superiority of strong alpha males, when compared to the weak, sissies, I’ll be collecting a sperm sample from this bull.” She calmly explained as her pale hands were rubbing over his strong, thighs, the head of his cock on her eye level.

“Of course we have to get him nice and hard first. Even while flaccid, a bulls penis is much, much larger than a sissy clitty. This tends to lead to confusion and awe when a girl the first time she sees it in person. His impressive length will only increase when I do this—” The doctor explained as she wrapped her soft, pale fingers around his girthy member.
Slowly she began massaging his cock, caressing it gently as she traced his length with the tip of her finger. His cock slowly came to life as it hardened in her hands, blood rushing to his powerful weapon of ethnic extinction.

“A tender touch is usually all that is needed, but sometimes we might just have to give him a little… extra to get him going.” She said, amused by her own choice of words.
Slowly she raised her face to the head of his cock. With a ***chu*** she planted her lips on his glans, a grateful kiss upon his overwhelming manhood.

The musky smell of his big balls filled her nose as she took a big whiff, alpha male pheromones raping her head with their powerful, intoxicating smell.
Faster she began working her fingers over his shaft as she planted kiss after kiss on his big member.

His warrior pheromones were too strong for her however, as she couldn't hold back from planting sloppy saliva filled kisses all over his mighty testicles.
"Ah… this is how you should… ah… treat your patients… ah…" she moaned as she ran her tongue over his steamy balls, tasting the salty sweat of his taint on her tongue, shivers of pleasure rushing down her spine, tingling in her fingers, on her tongue and her dripping pussy.

She was lost in the pleasure of worshipping his cock and his big, swollen baby makers she sucking on. Her tongue caressed his testicles, her warm breath enveloping them, their proximity to a fertile womb sending them into a sperm producing frenzy.

She had suckled on both testicles until they were absolutely glistening with her spit, thick strands of saliva still connecting her plush lips to his salty balls as her hands were massing the entire length of his girthy white cock.

Mercy gasped, sucking in the air she had spent suckling on his testicles. She was an expert at extracting the cum out of virile breeding bulls, her experience telling her that the fat cock straining against her hands was a sign of his upcoming ejaculation. She wrapped her lips around his glans, ready to receive his creamy gift.

With her tongue she prodded at his urethra, beckoning his cum to shoot into her wet mouth as she sucked on his cock, her lips glued to his shaft.

Her pussy was aching, her juices dripping through her panties as she serviced the European cock in her mouth. She felt his big white member pulsate as he shot a thick load of his creamy cum into her mouth. Rope after rope of creamy hot jizz filled her mouth until she was about ready to burst. Yet she prevailed, not spilling a single droplet of his seed, while holding back desperately from simply gulping down his delicious load.

Slowly she pulled back from his still erect cock. He was ready to fill her up again, yet she was unable to take any more of his hot jizz in her mouth.
She pulled back further until she had removed the head of his cock from her mouth, her lips pursed together so as not to let his precious seed escape.

Calmly she pulled out a glass jar from her desk drawer. She held it under her chin before parting her lips, letting his creamy seed flow down her wet tongue into the glass jar. Foamy seed still clung to her tongue as the remaining cum connected strands to her plush lips.

Gradually she let her tongue run over them, collecting any leftover spunk in her mouth, a little gift to herself for resisting the animalistic urge of swallowing his entire load.
"Ah… as you can see, his semen still retains it's powerful, thick texture and exquisite taste. It's virility is beyond reason. A single sperm cell would be enough to knock up any girl engaging with sexual intercourse with a bull. Condoms? Making a bull wear a condom is just pointless. Good girls breed bareback." She mused as she grabbed another, much smaller petri dish containing a thin, watery fluid.

"To compare the power of white semen, I have brought a sperm sample from your average sissy, who paid premium to have his seed stored in our facility. As you can see, it's much weaker, smaller and more watery, a classic sign of weak betaboi dribble.

Now watch what happens when I pour a little bit of his powerful cum into this petri dish.

His warrior seed is killing off all the pathetic sperm cells. They're getting bullied to death by the larger, stronger sperm!

When I say that white men and their seed are superior than the watery load of sissibois, then this is just my unrefutable proof!" she smiled smugly.

"Of course I'm sure that this little demonstration won't be enough for all the pathetic little sissy virgins watching." She said, dropping her snowwhite labcoat, as she pulled the black turtleneck sweater over her head to reveal skimpy, lingerie as well as a tight leather chocker with a dangling pair of keys attached to it.

"There's no way anyone's leaving until this hunk of a man has bred me properly!"

3 - Ashe

It wasn't exactly easy to reach out to the renowned outlaw Elizabeth Caledonia, also known as "Calamity" Ashe. Being the leader of the Deadlock Gang, the most notorious outlaws in the southern United States, she was always weary of outsiders interfering with her business. She kept on the move for the most part, always one step ahead of the law.

She used the vast fortune she had accumulated through theft, bribery and blackmail to live the good life. Drugs, booze and men were her favourite past times. Aside from crime that is.
Ashe grew up living the easy life. Her parents were old money, rich and affluent financial advisors to the largest companies and wealthiest CEO's in the world.

Being from Texas, her family had initially gotten it's off of the backs of slave labor. They were in fact one of the last families in the south to surrender their slaves, keeping them around as workers and entertainment long after the Emancipation Proclamation of 1863.

To the Caledonians, they were no better than the other farm animals they kept on their plantations. Ashe's dad made sure to remind her of that on the daily. He was different than his predecessors. The shame of being the descendant of slaveowners has left a lasting impact on him. He had dedicated most of his life to correcting the perceived evils of his family.
Her father was an old-fashioned man. A Texan traditionalist that used to go on and on about the dangers that a modern society posed to young girls like his daughter.

"Marriage is the most important thing in life, Elizabeth. You'll find a good husband to take care of you. A loyal man that is willing to provide for your family." he used to proclaim as he watched American morals erode further and further

Ashe grew up with his traditionalist values and learned to embrace them herself. When she was just a little girl she'd sit on his lap, listening to him rant and rave about modernism threatening their future. As she got older and more rebellious however, things changed.

Her parents left her to her own devices for the most part, as they were busy travelling all over the world, advising the rich and famous in their financial matters.
This left Ashe ample time to explore herself, her body and her sexuality.

She was still fairly young when she discovered porn on the internet. Seeing a man having raw, unprotected sex with a young girl for the first time had shocked her. Witnessing this man plunge his massive cock into her tight pink pussy had entranced her, her own little slit tingling with a weird sensation that she had never felt before. A strong alpha like him taking advantage of a weak girl just felt so wrong… so why did it turn her on so much?

She could feel her mouth filling with saliva and her womb growing hot and aching as she watched

displays of raw, unprotected breeding sessions.

It was the first time she touched herself, spreading her pink lips, rubbing her engorged clit to the thought of a strong alpha male beating her father to claim her and her mother as his own.
Her rebellious nature only intensified as she got older. Her first online purchase was a huge dildo, way too large for her at the time. When she had tried inserting it, she had come to the realisation that it was way too big for her tight slit. All she could do was rub her pussy against it, or worship the mighty silicone member with her mouth, just like the cute girls in the videos.

Her rebellion culminated in a showdown with her father when she snuck a banker's son into the family mansion to take her virginity.
When he found out, he was furious. No daughter of his would be a dirty their family name with her vulgarity!

He disowned her, but for the first time in her life, Ashe felt truly free.

She had truly shown her old man the superiority of alpha males.

Her father's influence thankfully hadn't rubbed off on her after all. She knew that she was a strong woman. Not subject to just one man to tie her down. In fact, she could be whatever she wanted to be.

She did her best to forget the failures of her family as she left their estate for the last time. All she knew was just how good it felt to bask in the glow of her own victory against her father. As the ultimate revenge against him, she marked her body permanently. The bold COCKSLUT lettering on the back of her hand, casually covered by her leather gloves, marked her forever as a slut for big cocks.

It served as a reminder to herself.

A reminder of her victory over her father, especially if it had meant having raw, unprotected sex with that kid. To this day she still thinks back on that night, wondering how many babies she'd have fucked into her womb that day, had her old man not interrupted them mid-fuck.

Not much has changed since those days, other than her growing wealth that is. She was still leading the Deadlock gang, terrorizing the southern US with their crimes.
Most of her vast fortune was spent on vanity projects that were supposed to display her superiority over her family.

She wasn't fully aware of it herself, but the need to rebel against her father was still driving her. When Pornhub.com approached Ashe with the offer of a breeding stud of her choice, she knew exactly how to make her pussy conservative father experience the ultimate humiliation.

His beautiful daughter would be bred by a whole bunch of alpha studs until their potent, virile cum had completely inseminated her fertile young pussy and she was impregnated with a strong baby.

…

"Alright, get those stupid, thick cocks out you fucking losers!" she shouted as she stepped out onto the

balcony of her mansion.
Ashe's private home was opulent. It was overlooking a fertile valley, the huge balcony perfectly aligned to catch as much of the sun as possible.
Right now, however it was packed full with men.

Strong alpha males with their girthy cocks dangling between their legs, basking in the hot sun.
Pornhub.com had spared no expense with these men, searching the entire country for the biggest, cocks they could find in order to please the Outlaw Queen.
It looked as though they had succeeded in their search.

Ashe looked upon them with amusement and disdain, a smile creeping over her lips as she watched these powerful men and their big cocks tanning in the midsummer sun.
"I hope you're watching daddy. Your little girl will be bred by strong alphas and she won't even know who the father is." She whispered to herself as she stepped out on the balcony.
She had had made sure to dress as provocatively as she could. Anything to stick it to her old man.

Her silky, snowwhite hair was short as always, although she had left her signature cowgirl hat at home.

Her unblemished, pale skin was slick with wetness, beads of midsummer sweat rolling down her tight belly and her wonderfully thick thighs.

Her leather gloves were back at the Deadlock hideout and nothing was covering the COCKSLUT tattoo on the back of her hand.

Her tiny bikini would further serve to embarrass her father. What little fabric there was hardly protected her nipples and tight slit from view. The micro bikini left nothing to the imagination.
When she walked out, her pale head held high, eyes filled with disdain for the powerful studs around her, it was as though she were a bunny entering a lions den.
They were all eyeing her body, her voluptuous breasts barely contained by the tiny piece of fabric, her sizeable ass swallowing up the string of her bikini bottoms and her thick thighs glistening with sweat.

"Well, what the fuck are you waiting for? I thought you love a tight hole to fuck?" she smirked, smugly glancing around the crowd of warriors that grew increasingly rowdy.

"Guess the whole thing about guys is just a myth then? Seems like you don't have the balls to mess up my womb with those thick fucksticks, huh?" she said, laughing at them.

She knew exactly how to get them riled up. "Just watch these big strongmen rape your daughter, daddy. Watch them destroy my pussy with their cocks, you pathetic loser." She thought to herself as the first man suddenly grabbed her by the throat, forcing her down on her knees, his fat, glistening cock dangling right in front of her face.

She smiled nervously as he commanded her to open her mouth.

Giving herself over to these animals gave her a fluttery feeling. Butterflies in her stomach as she thought of what they would do to her.

Pensively she opened her mouth, her tongue extended to receive the man's cock.

She could feel his saliva hit her tongue before his hand hit her cheek.

"Know your fucking place, whore." He growled as he spit in her face again, right next to the cherry red print his hand had left on her cheek.

"How dare he fucking hit me…" she thought as her pussy tingled, her moist lips clinging to the bikini.

She wanted to scream at him, to show this ape his place under her boot.

Her womb grew hot as she smiled. "Another one please…" she pleaded as her brain and body were fighting inside of her."

"Do you fellas hear this bitch?" the man shouted as his palm hit her face with a loud *smack*. Her nipples grew hard and erect, poking through the fabric of her tiny bikini top as her pussy gushed her hot sex.

More men approached her, surround her from all sides, their long hard dicks dangling all around her. They covered her in their spit, slapping and chocking her fragile white body with their strong hands.

"Open your fucking mouth!" the man in front of her commanded as his erect cock floated inches away from her face.

Pensively, slowly she kissed it. A soft peck of her velvety lips on the huge member. She licked the head of his cock gently, her hot tongue rolling over his glans as her lips wrapped around him.

"Now get to sucking." He said as he grabbed her head, forcing his big, strong cock down her hot, wet throat mercilessly.
Tears were rolling down her eyes as she tried to pull back desperately from the fat cock violating her throat.
She coughed, spit drooling down her chin as he pumped away vengefully.

Her pleading eyes looked up to him, begging him to let her breathe, but he was determined to teach this little whore a lesson.
He kept pumping away, forcing his girthy cock into her tight throat until her nose hit his pelvis and his heavy balls slapped against her chin as she gasped for air, her eyes rolling back and her body going limp…

SMACK

Another harsh slap brought her back to life.
"Alright. You're going to serve my friends here. If you don't, I'll make sure to choke you to death on this cock. Understood?" he said, squatting next to her.

"Yes." "Yes what?" "Yes master." She whispered as she slowly nodded her head, her gaze fixated on his feet, her pussy dripping from the abuse.

The men surrounding her were prodding and poking her face with their cocks now.

She wrapped her mouth around a huge cock as she massaged two others with her hands.
Her head bobbed back and forth as she tasted his salty, unwashed member, the musky scent of his balls filling her nose.

Quickly she got the hang of servicing three bulls with just her hands and mouth, massaging them with her hot throat and nimble fingers until they covered her with their creamy jizz.
Load after thick load they shot in her mouth, over her face and over her body, gallons of stinky semen covering her confederate bikini like a milky blanket.
Of course, this wasn't enough to satisfy a pen of strong breeding bulls.

Another man grabbed her by the waist and tossed her onto a pile of pillows like a ragdoll.
The cameras made way for the rowdy crowd of men that were now surrounding her, circling around the piece of meat they could treat however they want.
When she turned on her back, she was about to tell them, no, command them to be gentle with her, but she was quickly silenced when one of the men squatted over her and planted his ass on her face as another spread her smooth thighs, aligning the length of his cock with her tight pussy.

The musky smell of his ballsack filled her nose, his manly, salty smell turning her fragile, female brain into mush.
With her tongue she began rimming the mans anus, licking and worshipping his asshole as she breathed in the musk of his heavy balls.

Without any restraint the man pierced her tight slit with his massive cock, stretching her apart aggressively to fully insert his entire length into her.
He could feel his cock knocking against her cervix over and over, battering against the slutty womb that was just begging to receive his seed, begging to be bred by a strong warrior, begging to continue her bloodline with his powerful cock.

Millions of people would watch her getting a breeding creampie as she was busy licking and sucking another mans asshole.
The thought alone was enough to send her over the edge, her whole-body trembling and quivering as waves of orgasmic pleasure rolled over her. With each breath she took in more musky alpha pheromones. With each lick she could taste the humiliation of being a mans rimslave and with each thrust she could feel her female pride being pummelled and raped until she accepted, she was nothing but a few holes for men to nut into.

Her pussy squeezed tightly on the mans cock, milking it until he finally erupted, painting her womb with his creamy sperm, thick ropes of hot jizz warming up her belly.
She sighed in relief as he pulled out, leaving behind a gaping, hot feeling in her fertile, young womb.

It was hard for her to articulate her need for a long, hard cock to fill her up again, her moans muffled between the mans asscheecks, however her request was quickly fulfilled nonetheless.
Another man had already grabbed on tightly to her thighs, ready to punish her pussy with his conqueror cock.
He wasn't the only one that wanted a piece of her though.

The rowdy crowd had gotten tired of waiting for their turn. With a slight tap on the shoulder of the man whose musky asshole she's been worshipping, he was signalled to let his brothers get their turn, pushing himself off of her sweat, tear and saliva covered face.

The man that had just started pounding away at her tight pussy with his thick piece of cockmeat simply picked her up, practically throwing her head over his shoulder without pulling out.
The other men didn't hesitate either.

Without warning, lube or mercy for this whore, one of them rammed his juicy cock into her pink pucker, stretching out her tight, butt with his thick slab of manmeat.
She squeeled in delighted surprise, cockdrunk from orgasm after orgasm, a drooling mess covered in cum and spit as she caught another backhand that split her lip, beads of crimson running down her smiling lips.

"Uuuuuuuh…. th-that all you g-got…?"

She hadn't attended to them properly, but she knew exactly how to make it up to these strong warriors. She'd show them what southern pride was all about.
As the men pumped away at her pussy and ass, irreversibly stretching her holes until she'd be unable to ever feel tiny beta cocks again, she massaged two other sweaty cocks with her hands, milking their delicious cum onto her body.

Every single one of them had their turn, cumming in each hole one after the other until her entire pale body was drenched in sicky, goeey cum.
They fucked her throughout the night until the sun came up over the horizon, bathing the fertile valley in a soft white glow.

They left after they had received their payment while she slowly regained consciousness in a puddle of their stinky semen.
The camera hadn't stopped filming for even a single second. As she opened her eyes the camera came closer, getting a nice closeup shot of her drenched face.

Lazily she threw up her middle finger "Get fucked daddy." She said, still smiling.

4 - Pharah

“Of course it’s a hard job, but that’s why I do it. If it was easy, any girl would be doing it.” Pharah explained as she turned the steering wheel of her police cruiser, eyes trained on the road.

“I’m proud of what I do. Protecting the innocent. Same as my mother used to do. She hung up the mantle to improve campaign for equal rihgts. She’s busy, giving her whole body and mind to teach teenagers how to properly handle women.” She said, her eyes, hidden behind her jetblack aviator sunglassed, surveilling the streets around her.

“I decided to follow my mother’s footsteps. Become law enforcement just like her. Wanted to join Overwatch, but was never officially accepted. I decided that I could make a difference. Show the world that the police are still the protectors of the innocents and enforcers of peace.

To show them how much we care, I serve society on my hands and knees. Sucking off strong alpha males…. It just feels right. I’m just giving them the tribute they deserve.
We have to support them for paving the way for civilization. They’re stronger, faster, more masculine and potent…

They just can’t stop themselves from being superior to inferior beta males. In the end, I decided to make a difference. To show them that the people of Egypt are willing to submit themselves to those alpha males… and if I have to let a few criminals go after they shoot their raw, slimy nut into my unprotected, fertile holes? Well, that’s just me doing my part.” Pharah explained with a straight face.

When Pornhub initially approached Fareeha Amari, she was reluctant to participate in the Pornhub X Overwatch crossover, not only because she was never formally a part of the Overwatch initiative, but also because her starring in an explicit, hardcore porn movie might be seen as unprofessional by her colleagues as well as the thugs and mobsters she went up against on the daily.

Already they would taunt her, whipping out their juicy cocks as she passed them with her cruiser, mesmerizing her with their raw, animalistic potency and power.
More often than not, she found herself licking and biting her lips as her hand left the steering wheel to attend to her wet, dripping pussy.
She had to restrain herself from pulling over, from putting these racists in cuffs and from putting their musky balls on her face as she rimmed their unwashed assholes, getting them prepped and ready to breed her tight slit with their monster cocks.

It was then that she realised just how she would be able to serve them properly.

Catering to beta males had run its course. The only way women and limp beta cucks would be able to coexist is when inferior cucks are willing to take the plunge, to make the sacrifice of willingly giving their wives, their girlfriends, their mothers and sisters to superior alpha males to breed.

Only when the debts have been paid with their fertile bodies, can the rift between races finally heal.

“That’s how I see it at least. I’m doing my part, no matter how small it may be.
Oh we should be coming up now.
One of our Eye-in-the-Sky units reported a mugging in process somewhere downtown. I think it’s between those buildings over there.” She calmly explained, pointing at a nasty looking, dingy alleyway.

Two silhouettes could be seen against the shadow of a streetlight further down the road.

“There it is, a 1-32; Armed robbery in progress! Alright, grab your camera and do not stop filming. America needs to understand how things work for white men.” She said, her stern gaze aimed at the camera.

Of course, the camera team didn’t miss a single shot.
When Pharah exited her cruiser, the door slamming shut behind her, the camera captured her nubile body and slutty uniform perfectly.
Fareeha had always been fit, steeling her body in an upscale gym on the edge of the city, amidst the musky, sweaty bodies of strong hunks, occasionally taking a few of them into the shower room with her for a few hours of raw, dirty ballslapping sex. The gym was the perfect place for her to train her strong legs, her abs glistening with sweat, anything to let her go harder, faster, stronger and now she finally had a uniform to reflect her efforts.

Since her days at Helix she had let her hair grow out a bit. She usually kept it in a short ponytail or a simple braid just like her mother.
It wasn’t quite utilitarian as her shorter hair, but she found that it made it much, much easier for white men to take control over her head as they rammed their thick, juicy cocks down her well-trained throat.

She still wore the peaked cap of the city’s police department with pride, even if the criminals she usually serviced, tended to steal it, stomp on it, burn it, or desecrate by soaking it with their piss or even filling it to the brim with their thick, nasty smelling nutsauce. They simply wouldn’t tolerate a woman serving in the citys police department.
As a proud policewoman she felt no shame in wearing her cap however, even if it was damp with piss or slimy, gooey with the slimy semen running down her silky black hair.

Nothing filled her with more pride than knowing that each day she contributed to a better, fairer society. A society where the women returned to their true destiny:

To serve strong alpha males on their hands and knees. Preferably face down, ass up.

“Get out of here citizen! Officer Fareeha will make sure to properly serve justice to this despicable white racist!”

“B-but he has my w-wallet…” the small blackboy whimpered.

“I won’t repeat myself. If you do not vacate the area, I’ll be forced to take you in for obstruction of justice!” she leaned in close, her strong gaze piercing him. “The only one bitch that’ll get gang banged by a bunch of criminals tonight will be me. Unless you want that ass of yours to join me that is.” She leaned back as the scrawny loser backed away.
“You’ll get your wallet back when I’m done here…. Maybe.” Her commanding tone leaving no room for debate.

The beaten and bruised kid took off. Down the alley and around the corner as Pharah approached the imposing, musclebound white criminal. She felt herself begin to salivate as her flushed pussy tingled with excitement.

The strong alpha didn’t bother taking even one step back as she approached.

He knew perfectly well just how easily he could overpower her should she even try taking him in. She wasn’t the first op he destroyed with his thick slab of cockmeat. And she certainly wouldn’t be the last.

The closer she got, the more she felt his powerful white pheromones work their magic on her feeble female brain.

She felt herself weakening; falling on her quivering knees before him, her breathing becoming rugged and laboured as she took in the musky scent of his crotch.

His smell alone was enough to force her into submission, into surrendering her fertile, young body to him. She grabbed hold of his strong thighs, her slender Egyptian fingers wrapping around them as her mouth searched for the zipper of his pants.

Playfully she nibbled on it, her plush lips wrapped around the cold metal as she pulled it down with her pearly white teeth.
The man grinned. He towered over her, powerful criminal utterly dominating her inferior, frail female body.

He grabbed her head, his thick fingers burying into her silky, dark hair, wrapping around the braided hair she kept just like her mother.
Any pretense left her, the strong, emancipated policewoman turned into a feeble, dickbrained, cockhungry slut for thick, juicy cocks.
Quickly she tore of his pants and his boxers to reveal his veiny, dirty, uncut slab of cockmeat and his heavy, musky testicles.

The smell of his unwashed cock and bills hit her hard. Saliva dripped from her lolling tongue as she slipped one of her hands down her panties to rub her aching clit.
With her free hand she grabbed his girthy white cock, her small, delicate fingers unable to wrap around his veiny fuckstick.
Slowly she pulled back his thick, veiny foreskin, revealing his glans and a grimy layer of deliciously dirty smegma.
She gasped at the criminal treat he had prepared for her.

“I knew you were dirty fiend! You were trying to smuggle this delectable dick cheese through the city. Don’t deny it. Justice will be served!
I’ll have to confiscate all of your dirty peniscream with my mouth before we proceed!” she explained sternly before she ran her nimble tongue around his dick, collecting his grimy smegma until a thick layer had accumulated.

She panted, excited for the deliciousness she was about to taste.
Gently she rolled up her saliva dripping tongue, retracting it without losing any of his nasty cockgrime. She swirled the thick jelly in her mouth, coating it entirely as she rubbed herself to a quivering, shaking climax.

Pure bliss filled her mind as her greedy throat sucked down every last bit of the dickcheese deposited beneath his foreskin. When she looked up, his pristine cock was glistening with her spit.

“Crime doesn’t pay! You’ll never be able to smuggle that cockcream as long as I’m around. Now I’ll have to make sure you’re not hiding anything else in that juicy cock!”
It wasn’t long before she began gagging herself on that thick piece of cockmeat, enveloping his length with her hot and eager throat.
He held her head down on his until her buried in his crotch while his musky balls slapped against her chin.

He hardly had to do anything as Pharah chocked on his cock eagerly, spit and precum drooling over her plush lips, dripping down on her uniform.
It wasn’t long before the criminals cock began to pulsate and a hot load of creamy white jizz creampied her throat.
With each swallow she gulped down thick ropes of his creamy semen until her belly was absolutely brimming with delicious cockmilk.
She kept sucking on his veiny cock as she pulled back, making sure not to leave a single drop of his pearlescent seed in his balls.
She gasped, taking in the fresh air.

“Looks like you were hiding something after all. Don’t think I wouldn’t notice!” she reprimanded him as her radio interrupted her with indistinguishable noise.

“Looks like a group of men is harassing some kid a few blocks from here. I’m going to have to intervene!” she mused.

“But you!” she exclaimed, pointing at the man that was still towering over her.

“Listen up criminal. Let this be a lesson to you. Instead of using your energy to rob people, use it to ram your fat cock into some unprotected holes! Otherwise, I’ll have to take you take you in next time. Oh and keep the wallet. Kid should’ve known better than to get robbed.”

The man was somewhat confused by the sudden change in her demeanour. “What what is even going on…” he mouthed as Pharah left for her squadcar.

…

The ride was a short one. When Pharah had decided to follow her mothers' path in law enforcement, she had purposefully chosen the city with the highest crime rate in the country. Violent crime was more than abundant, giving Pharah ample chances to relieve her stress.

When Pharah brought the car to a screetching halt at one of those corners, the gang of rowdy men didn't even flinch. 5 musclebound, alpha males were towering over a beaten and bruised kid, their imposing bodies looking massive compared to the weak creature before them.

"Step back from the kid! Get those cocks ou- hands up! Right now!" she shouted as the men turned their attention towards her.
"Just having ourselves some fun, Officer. We didn't mean nothing by it." One of the men said laughingly. "Tell them buddy."
"Y-yes just a small, uh, misunderstanding. I really shouldn't have said anything haha." the small figure stammered as he picked himself up off the ground. They hadn't been too rough with him. A few bruises and a split lip. Nothing that some ice and rest couldn't fix.

"Get out of here kid. I'll take care of them." Pharah said, having almost forgotten the reason she was called. Seeing such handsome studs had put her off completely after all.
She didn't have to tell him twice. Quickly he grabbed the few valuables the men had scattered around him before setting off into the night.
Pharah licked her plush lips. She was going to enjoy herself tonight she thought as she slowly opened up the top button of her stained police uniform, giving the colossal brutes a nice view of her ample cleavage. "Didn't anyone ever tell you that you shouldn't bully the weak? Looks like Officer Pharah is going to have to punish you naughty boys…"

The men had already gathered around her, their cocks printing and bulging against their tight pants, their strong alpha male pheromones raping Pharah's inferior Egyptian brain. All she could do was bite her lip and clench her legs at the assault upon her senses. Her fertile pussy was already wet and dripping.

"Now who should I punish first…" she tried to say before getting suddenly interrupted by one of the men. He had grabbed her fragile throat with his big, powerful white hand only to tear the police uniform from her body, buttons and equipment clattering over the street. Her dark lingerie remained the only thing concealing her ample breasts, thick, juicy butt and pink, dripping pussy from the group of men.

She couldn't stop herself from smiling as tears welled up in her eyes. These strong men were going to fuck her raw. They were going to rape her with their hard cocks until they had filled up all of her holes with their stinky, milky seed. No amount of begging or pleading could save her now.

The men didn't wait. They ripped the thin pieces of black fabric from her body, leaving her nude except for her strong workboots and black leather gloves. Their erect cocks were dangling all around her, intoxicating her with their musky aroma.

She didn't get a chance to enjoy the delicious cockwhiff however, as the first man had already jammed his mighty member into her tiny mouth. She could feel his hand around her throat, slowly gripping tighter and tighter like a vise until she could feel his big, strong fingers jerking his own cock with her wet hole.

Bliss washed over her as the blood circulation to her brain slowly faded…

They didn't allow her to lose consciousness however. With a strong smack on her ass they awakened her again. Behind her, another man was ready to impale her with his thick piece of white cockmeat. He simply lifted her up, her legs and arms dangling in the air as he prodded against her tight pucker with his powerful alpha cock. Her shithole was way too tight for such a mighty member, but the gangster didn't care.

Again and again he rammed his cock against her butthole until finally he managed to squeeze it in, stretching her ass to its maximum. She tried squealing and squirming, tears of joy rolling down her face as she was facefucked harder and harder by the thug in front of her.

Neither of them relented pumping in and out of her mouth and ass as they spitroasted her. She was nothing but disposable fuckmeat to them and they were determined to show her just that.

Pharah was a trained painal and strugglefuck queen, but even she wasn't entirely sure if she'd be able to survive this encounter. These animals only cared about getting off. She meant nothing to them. Just a few holes to fuck up, some cheeks to clap before their next meal.

The thought sent shivers down her spine. These monsters might dump their load into her and dump her body afterwards. They might just fuck her to death.
Her body was quivering as powerful waves of pleasure crushed her feeble mind. Orgasm after orgasm rolled over her, stronger than the pain in her butt or the cock cutting her off from the precious air. She'd just accept her fate and enjoy that last, brainmelting white cock orgasm…

Thick, gooey ropes of jizz filled up her stomach, coating her insides until her mouth was conquered completely by the strong, juicy cock that slowly retracted from her throat. More and more cum came gushing down her throat and into her mouth as she gasped for air. She could feel the burning, hot sensation of milky cum in her lungs as she sucked in the air her body craved. It's not like she cared. Air was what her brain needed now.

Her face was a mess. Makeup ruined by tears and cockspunk, eyes aimless, brain turned into mush by his fat, alphacock. She didn't quite know where she was. She didn't know what was happening. She only wished this moment would never end.

Another torrent of hot cum filled her up. Her anus was filling up completely with his hot Aryan spunk, more thick loads of cum marking her body as that of a white owned slut.
Slowly he pulled his cock back until she could only feel the absence of his monster cock in her gaping, abused fuckhole.

She sighed with a mix of relief and disappointment, having forgotten about the other men of the gang.
…
When they were done with her, many hours and countless unprotected loads in every single one of her holes later, she was barely conscious. Her body was beaten and bruised as the men had occasionally switched between using her as a piece of hot fuckmeat and an unfortunate punching bag.
"Wake up you stupid brown whore. I know you're still alive."

Pharah slowly lifted her head, vision clouded by a thick layer of semen they had shot directly into her eyes.
“We have a little party gift for you.” The man said as he slowly dragged her across the pavement by her sticky, cum covered hair.
“Tell the other fuckmeat in your department that we’ll be right here if they ever need us.” The man laughed as he dumped her face in Pharah’s own hat. They had filled it to the very brim with their stinky, chunky semen.

She did her best to suck up as much of their delicious sperm as she could, gulping down load after load of white alpha spunk until only a sliver of it remained.
Calmly she picked herself up off the ground. She was still a bit wobbly on her feet from the harsh pounding she had just received. She picked up her hat, a proud reminder of her role as the protector of the innocents, and put it back on her head. Gooey jizz flowed down her head, dripping down onto her exposed body.

5 - Tracer

„Cheers luv! The cavalry's here!"
A catchphrase coined by Lena Oxton, aka Tracer, during her time as an Overwatch operative, had served to become her calling card in the time after Overwatch.
It summed up her character perfectly: Quirky and approachable. A british go-getter tomboy.
Tracer had been a fantastic addition to the overall Overwatch image. Naturally it hadn't taken very long for someone to try and take advantage of her celebrity status in the wake of the dissolving of the Overwatch Initiative.

She had gotten offers from all over the world. Large sums for a record deal, for her to become an actress, even to become a porn star, but in the end, Tracer had decided to make it big in the modelling industry.

She would show the world that even a short haired tomboy like her could make it big in such a hostile and archaic industry.
When a renowned porn industry giant had initially approached her, Tracer's manager, her girlfriend Emily, had immediately declined the offer.
A world-famous model liker her starring in a hardcore porno movie?

She wouldn't put her career on the line for that. And even if she were to make a pornographic movie, Tracer was a lesbian, so straight sex was out of the question.
It was clear that she'd need some convincing in order for her to get bred.

The company had sent some of their best to negotiate a deal with Tracer's girlfriend Emily. It took the better part of a weekend when Tracer was out of town to convince Emily. It was a long, hard and sweaty weekend, filled with the sound of spanking, panting, moaning and cries of extasy. When the 10 members of the recruitment team had left, they had left with an exclusive contract that would ensure Tracer's full cooperation.

Since Emily had lived a lesbian lifestyle prior to her cock conversion therapy, she hadn't been on birth control during her encounter with the recruitment team. She had been bred by one of the 10 strangers that had forced their way into her house. Curiously enough, she didn't seem to mind. In fact, she had gotten herself a tattoo to commemorate the event. A little decal of a baby on her belly had marked her permanently to remind her of that hauntingly hot experience.

With Emily's cooperation, Tracer would be the very first model to showcase a brand-new underwear collection, set to release that summer.
It was the perfect brand for young and impressionable girls that enjoyed pretending to be one of the big-league baby breeders.
The simple red and white design with the BREEDER logo on the waistband would be the hottest thing in underwear that summer.
Breeding bunnies and Size Queens would go out with their brand-new BREEDER lingerie, attracting attention from both the beta losers and strong alpha's alike.

For the betaboys it would be pure psychological emasculation. They'd be forced to watch their girlfriends and wives, mother's, sisters and daughters strutting their stuff in underwear that was specifically designed to attract alphas and their big, thick cocks.

Loser cucks would most likely cream their panties just at the sight of a young, fertile, impressionable breeding-sow wearing BREEDING brand underwear outside.
The bulls would also enjoy their time, getting ample choice in the wonderfully wet pussies and breedable wombs that were practically volunteering to be knocked up with a healthy baby.
And Tracer would become the catalyst.

"Oi, aven't I heard of BRED.com somewhere before, luv?" she asked as the clothing was presented to her. The white thong would barely serve to conceal her femininity, the thin piece of fabric being several sizes too small for the quirky supermodel. Her bra was quite the same, a tiny piece of clothing that would only be enough to cover her nipples from view, leaving as much of her breasts exposed as possible without making her overtly suspicious.

"I guess if Emily signed off on this, it'll be alright." She mused as she took the lingerie into the changing room with her.
When she stepped back out, she had changed quite considerably. Her perky breasts were almost poking out of the sports bra. The small piece of thin fabric was hard pressed to keep her smooth breasts from spilling out from underneath, which had the added effect of providing the most wonderful underboob the world had ever been graced with.

Her thong didn't fare much better. Her ample, thick butt had swallowed the tiny string, hiding it completely between her bubbly cheeks, which almost made it seem as if she wasn't actually wearing underwear at all. The front part of her panties was wedged between her pretty pink pussy lips, barely concealing the rest of her slit or her hard, knub of a clit that was poking through the fabric. She could feel it rubbing against her panties with every movement, which filled her head with only the lewdest of thoughts.

She was quite embarrassed to be wearing this whisp of nothing and even more so due to the constant stimulation she was receiving with each movement. She could feel her pussy getting wetter with every step, feeling her sex drip against her thong as she stood in front of the camera.

Tracer was blushing now, her tomboyish demeanor crumbling under the assault on her pussy and the exposure to the cameras around her.
"O-oi, are ya sure this is alright? I-it's ah… exposin so much…" she wimpered as she fruitlessly tried to conceal the shame of her pussylips bulging out between the thing string of her thong.

A true superstar was quite used to the eyes of the public, but even she was getting second thoughts about the photoshoot now. They had to apply more pressure to ensure that she wasn't going to just walk out on the contract.

"Bring in the models!" one of the guys in charge of production shouted hurriedly.
Tracer's eyes went wide as the doors opened and a group of handsome, musclebound studs came in, wearing only the tiniest amount of clothing designed to conceal as little of their juicy, monster cocks as possible.

It was clear that Tracer was immediately infatuated with those thick, manly bulges that only barely contained those fat baby makers. Intensely she was starting at the men that would be her partners for the day.

She had some handsome partners before, but none of them so… virile… so strong… so… powerful….

If she was wet before, she was practically gushing now, her thong practically drenched in the juices that were dripping from her engorged, swollen labia. She could feel her mouth watering, filling up with thick saliva as she watched them approach, her belly growing hotter the closer they came. Her womb was quivering, the sight of a gang of strong hunks practically forcing her to ovulate then and there.

The men played it cool, simply greeting Tracer casually before they surrounded her.
“Alright Lena, just sit down right there between them! Just like that.” Emily commanded her nervous girlfriend. Tracer did as she was told, her head too filled with their strong, alpha male musk to question the situation.

“mmh fantastic… just stay right there while we snap some shots!” she said, her own panties drenched in wetness just like Tracer’s.
Tracer could feel their big, strong hands resting on her shoulders sending shivers of pleasure and anticipation all over her body. Goosebumps ran all over her at the thought of what else those powerful fingers could do to her.

After a few quick snaps of the camera, Emily shouted in frustration.

“This isn’t right! No, we’ll have to change that right now. Lena just stay right there. You, take those off.” Emily commanded. The men were quick to obey, smiling to each other as they flung away the tiny whisps of clothing that only barely managed to conceal their juicy, white cocks earlier.
Tracer gulped, shocked and surprised by the group of cocks that were now dangling all around her.

“Uh, Emily…?” Tracer started only to get shushed immediately. She’d simply have to obey their commands. Thankfully she was already so drunk on the sight of their penises that she lost most of her ability for critical thinking.

She simply sat still and complied as one of the men moved next to her, grasping her face in his hand as he slowly pushed her cheek against his thigh, his massive piece of meat simply dangling right next to her face.

Tracer was panting, anxious and nervously aroused by the man standing next to her. It took everything in her power to hold herself back from touching the mighty member next to her. She was so occupied with her own arousal that she didn’t even notice Emily touching herself to the amazing view of her girlfriend surrounded by a group of hunky kings.
“mmmh…. Yeah… everyone get around her… just like that.” She commanded, low gasps escaping her each time her slender fingers flicked over her sensitive clit.

The men now surrounded Tracer completely, their juicy cocks dangling all around her face. She was breathing heavily now, her hands resting on the thighs of the men around her, her eyes fixed to the

camera in front of her, hellbent not to look to the sides as doing so would mean her inevitable surrender to those musky, glistening cocks around her.

Of course she could never actually resist them. The moment these powerful conquerors had entered, was the moment her frail feminine body had surrendered to their breeding sticks. When one of their members hit her cheek with its raw potent smell, she simply broke down, forgetting everything around her, disregarding the photoshoot for those juicy white cocks that were all around her.

Her hands wandered up from their thighs, until she could feel the heavy weight of their testicles in the palm of her hands. She could only imagine how backed up those baby makers were, how much she needed to provide relief for them. Her fingers moved nimbly from their sacks, up to their shafts, massaging their girthy length in order to coax out that delicious baby batter.
She simply licked her lips before she pressed a series of kisses to his arousal and the heft of the sack underneath. Her tongue followed; gliding, licking, lapping, her fingers massaging the foreskin of those juicy white members, glossing over the veins, feeling them beneath her digits.

Slow but deeply, her lips capturing the head in a tight seal. Her head would be burying itself into the shaved nest of his pubes until she could feel his hefty balls dangling against her soft chin.

Her head rose and fell in an effortless glide, her throat working over his cock nicely, covering it fully in her saliva. Slowly she pulled her head backwards, off his cock until it exited her lips with a lewd pop. She admired the work she had done, his entire shaft glistening with her saliva, his cock spit shined and cleaned completely by her eager tongue and hot mouth.
The man towering over her greeted her efforts at cocksucking with a smug smile. Seeing a petite little girl on her knees, serving his monster member like a trained whore was fun, but he had always enjoyed taking their humiliation a little bit further. He simply grabbed her head as he turned around, pushing it right into his broad backside until her face was buried in between his fat asscheeks.

She took a deep breath, the intoxicating smell of a mans anus filling her nostrils, his powerful pheromones invading her brain, turning her into nothing more than an obedient little rimjob slut.

Every fiber of her being wanted nothing more than to grab his juicy ass, wanted nothing less than to have his ass planted firmly on her face, but she knew that neglecting those other, equally juicy cocks would be akin to a crime.
Quicker and quicker she massaged their cocks, her hands and nimble fingers moving rapidly to milk them of their deliciously gooey white nut as her tongue serviced the mans anus, dancing and flicking across the mans asshole until his butt was as shiny with her saliva as his cock.

She could hardly breathe as the man pushed her face into his ass, her nose wedged between his cheeks, her mouth planted firmly on his anus as she suckled on him, her lips sealed around his ass as her tongue prodded deeply into his anus, scraping around his walls, filling his rectum with her spit as her wet tongue searched for his prostate.
As the air escaped her lungs, the tip of her tongue finally found the little nubble she was searching for. Gently she prodded it, massaged it with her hot tongue, rubbing over it and alongside it, his cock pulsing in response to her every move.

She could feel her consciousness slipping as the air escaped her, darkness enveloping her until the man

quickly pulled her head back, allowing her the fresh breath of air she craved as much as she craved the taste of his anus on her tongue.

Again he pulled her in, her mouth planted firmly on his pink star as she ran her tongue over his anus and reached deep inside to massage his prostate.
The man clearly enjoyed the exquisite ass cleaning service that Tracer was providing him with, yet the others weren't as patient as him. With her brain lacking in oxygen, she had started to slowly neglect the other pulsating cocks that were around her. It wasn't long before the men had grown tired of waiting.

They simply picked her up, holding her in the air as they lowered her body onto their studcocks, impaling her wet pussy and greedy ass with their unbearably large penises.
The men weren't done with her yet, not by a long shot…

Seeing her own girlfriend becoming nothing more than a disposable cocksleeve for their humongous penises, a pleasure toy made to suck their juicy cocks, their delectable asses and to slurp down their slimy semen into her aching stomach, greedy womb and hot anus, had sent shivers over Emily.

Just thinking about the wonderful baby they must've fucked into her, the semen of numerous strangers competing for her fertile eggs, had sent waves of pleasure crashing down upon her that culminated in an orgasm that left her nothing more than a quivering little mess before them.

It took her a while to regain her composure, to regain the professional attitude that she was known for in the industry.
Tracer was collapsed on the ground, panting with exhaustion, the milky semen of numerous strangers oozing out of her punished holes, their slimy seed plastered all over her body, her face and her hair.

"A-alright… we need one last shot. Get her up… yeah just like that." Emily directed as the men gathered around Tracer one last time. Her cream covered form was sitting in front of them, cross-legged in a pool of their cum. The men stood all around her, their half erect members dangling around her, dripping with her juices and their own seed.

With a soft click the shutter of the camera captured the promo shot for Tracer's big porn debut.